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" BUT HE LICKED YOU IN THE GOOD OLD CHRISTIAN WAY."

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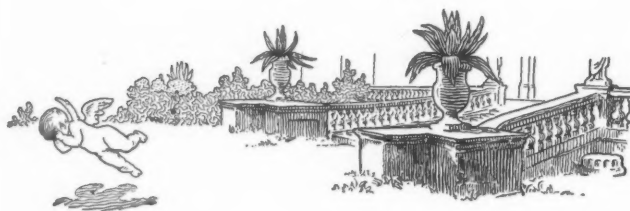
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AN APPROPRIATE SOUVENIR OR GIFT

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LIFE



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She: I'D BE PERFECTLY HAPPY HERE IN THE COUNTRY, IF THERE WAS ONLY A THEATRE OR SOMETHING TO GO TO IN THE EVENING.
"I AGREE WITH YOU, ETHEL. WHAT WE WANT IS A FARM ON BROADWAY."

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE THOUGHTLESS SODA CLERK AND THE
 IMPENDING DOOM.

HE clurks inn jonezez stoar ann wenn shee
 goze
 inn thare fore iscream soda i suppoas
 He thinks he hass too smile att hur ann speke
 too urn thee pay jonez gives him every weak.
 he duz nott seme to no thatt shee is mine
 butt stands ann grins like a toothpowder sine
 awl sented upp with hare oil ann colloan.
 Ude think thee kanndy stoar wuz awl his own
 too sea him bough ann alwuz here him say
 wot wil thee littul lady have tooday.

i thott att furst ide hitt him butt u sea
 ide gett in jale fore salten battery
 ann shee wood be aloan ann he mite tri
 too thro a kis at hur wenn ime not ni.

so i have kepp mi temper wenn hede pass
 in frunt uv us ann look intoo thee glas
 ann brush his hare befoar he wennt too gett
 ower iscream soda fore uss. butt ubett
 thatt biumbi thee day wil kum wenn he
 wil wisht heed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett
 Too bi owt jonezez stoar. ile own itt yett.
 i saved tenn sense lass weak ann every day
 ile tri to putt a sent ur too away.
 ann wenn ive got itt awl ann nede no moar
 ile tel ole jonez ive kum to bi thee stoar
 Ann thenn ile fire thatt clurk so doggon
 quick
 heel think heez bin struck bi a thowsand
 brick.

he smiles att hur ann never semes too sea
 thee viper thatt is becin nursed in me.

J. W. Foley.

Obeying Orders.

THE doctors have ordered Bilkins
 to be quiet and under no cir-
 cumstances to use his brain."

"But how does he pass the time?"

"I believe he is writing a novel."

HAVE you fed the baby on the
 patent food I recommended?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And inoculated him with the serum
 I left?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And put him in the specially pre-
 pared underwear?"

"Yes, doctor."

"How is he?"

"Well, he may pull through. He
 has a good constitution."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

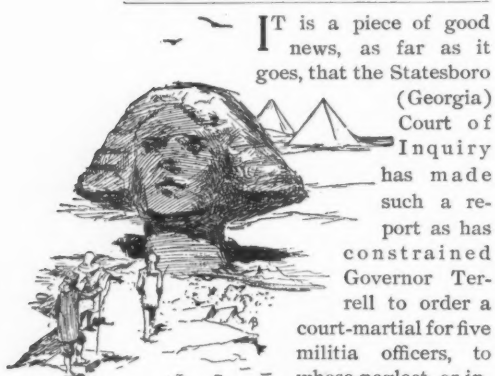
VOL. XLIV. SEPT. 29, 1904. No. 1144.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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It is a piece of good news, as far as it goes, that the Statesboro (Georgia) Court of Inquiry has made such a report as has constrained Governor Terrell to order a court-martial for five militia officers, to whose neglect, or incompetence, it appears to have been due that a mob recently seized and burned two negro convicts. We would like to see such proceedings in the case of those militia officers as should make for the stiffening of the backbones of all militiamen in whatever State, who are called out to protect anybody or anything against mobs. When militiamen are needed, they are apt to be seriously needed, and it is of high importance that they should take themselves seriously as guardians of the peace.

Just before the first election of Lincoln, Mr. Tilden, in a published letter, expressed his forebodings as to the consequences of that election to the country. He was a free-soil Democrat, strongly opposed to secession. He bolted with Van Buren and the "Barn-burners," when support of the extension of slavery in the Territories was required of Northern Democrats. Yet he foresaw the ultimate dangers of restricting slave territory. "At last," he said, "when the system culminates in emancipation, must not the result be com-

munities almost exclusively of blacks? Can the whites live in such communities? Should we not, in the ultimate effects of the restrictive policy, convert our sister States into negro governments? Is not another four millions of blacks within the next twenty-five years just as much a fact as the present four millions?"



AT that time Tilden foresaw the Civil War as a consequence of Lincoln's election, and realized at once, as scarcely anyone else did, how great a war it was to be. With it came emancipation, and at its heels came the conversion of some of "our sister States into negro governments," and the disastrous collapse of those governments in due time. Now, thirty years after the carpet-bag era, we have the four million blacks swelled to ten millions, communities very largely composed of blacks, and the Southern whites experimenting to learn how they can live to their safety and satisfaction in such communities, and the Northern whites speculating about that, and also wondering, with much earnestness, how and on what terms the blacks are going to live.

Let us remember that the negro-race problem isn't a thing newly invented by the present generation in the South, but has been a long time hatching; that it isn't easy of solution, but exceedingly difficult; that it is a national problem, with which the whole country has got to have patience, and over which the best minds of all sections of the country must contrive to get together.



IT won't be settled by mobs, will it? We think not. We think that all that mobs and lynching will do is to make things so much worse that they will have to be bettered. It will have to be settled by public conviction, gradually crystallizing into legislation, which shall recognize established facts. The negro is entitled to know where he stands, what his rights and privi-

leges are, and in which of his legal privileges he will be sustained by his neighbors. He has got to live with the whites in more or less political and economical union, and in more or less social separation. All negroes have not been able to hold, nor has it been possible to secure to them, all that it was intended to secure to them by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. As a means of preventing States from restricting negro suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment is a failure, as, no doubt, it ought to be. It is now suggested that it would be wise to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment and part of the Fourteenth, and substitute an amendment providing that each State's representation shall depend on the number of its citizens who have the right to vote for national officers. Maybe that would help matters, by avoiding the appearance of punishing the South for its restriction of negro suffrage. A law of universal application is better than one which seems only to apply to one section of the country.



THE President's letter of acceptance is a strenuous document, so vigorous and outspoken as to nullify much of the effect of his previous self-repression. He defends all the actions and policies of his administration as lawful, timely and indispensable; and he slugs the Democrats with much heartiness as hypocritical folks who have no convictions themselves, and no belief in the convictions of others. The letter has warmed up the campaign. The only way to do Parker and his cause much good has been to pitch into Roosevelt and his policies. Some Democrats who have been reluctant to do that are stimulated to a greater zeal in assault by finding their own side heartily assailed by the Republican nominee.

The nomination of Odell's man, Higgins, by the Republican trapdoor convention at Saratoga, should surely give the State of New York to the Democrats, if David B. Hill will consent. Mr. Shepard, Mr. Goodyear—any candidate but a Hill candidate—should be able to win.



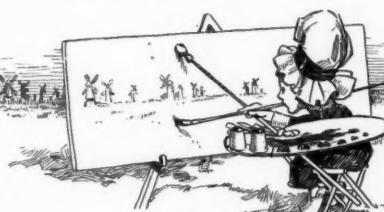
THE PASSING OF DAVID B.



THE CZAR PRESENTS HIS SON FOR BAPTISM.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
DINES WITH THE PRESIDENT.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND DOES A LITTLE SKETCHING.



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PRINCE SVIATOPOLK MIRSKY
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Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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Important.

FIRST PLAYWRIGHT: I have just written a problem play.

SECOND PLAYWRIGHT: What is the problem?

"How to make any money out of it."

?

"YOUR daughter, sir, has asked for my hand."

"Well, young man, do you think you come within her allowance?"

In Forma Pauperis.



WORD comes wafted to our Eastern coast that the attendance at the St. Louis Fair is smaller than might be reasonably expected; that financial depression and the anxieties inseparable from a Presidential campaign are holding back the great American public, and that our European neighbors—unless appointed to an educational congress—are seemingly unaware of the opportunity that is being offered to them.

But what of the people whom the enterprising methods of the advertiser have sent in shoals to St. Louis? What of the young man who has collected the biggest number of tributes to the excellence of a fountain pen, warranted not responsible

for profanity; and of the young woman who has persuaded hundreds of housewives to affirm that a patent frying-pan eliminates grease, or that a new breakfast food is more palatable and nourishing than gravel? What of the

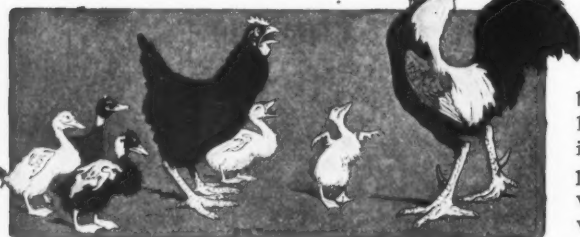
boy who has worried his father's customers into subscribing for a periodical they do not want, and of the girl who has sold seven hundred copies of "Amanda's House-

keeping; or, How to Live Heartily on Nothing"? These pioneers of progress, and many like them, have all received trips to the Fair, as rewards of their industry, and are enjoying themselves in an intelligent manner at the expense of a large-hearted, feeble-minded public.

The most ingenious device has been adopted by a Philadelphia department store, which advertises itself as inviting twenty Philadelphia clergymen to go as its "guests" to St. Louis. These reverend gentlemen are to be elected by the votes of the community, every patron of the store—no matter how small his purchase—being entitled to a



"MY DEAR, HOW CAN YOU MARRY A MAN SO MUCH TALLER THAN YOU?"
"BUT, MAMA, AFTER WE ARE MARRIED HE WILL GET SHORTER ALL THE TIME."



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Mr. Rooster: MADAM, YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME.



OUR ARISTOCRACY.

"I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT IT."

"WELL, MY DEAR, I'M ASTONISHED AT YOU! ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS TOLD THAT MRS. BULLIFAT-INKUM SAID SHE CONSIDERED IT A VERY GOOD VIEW."

ballot. The denominations, however, are settled by the firm, which—whether from theological or financial considerations—is inclined to favor Methodism. Five Methodist ministers to three Presbyterian and two Baptist represent the scale, while one Rabbi is permitted to accompany the party in hopes of an ultimate conversion. A finer opportunity for controversy has seldom been offered to the cloth.

There may be a few conservatives who feel that this sort of advertising belittles holy orders, and insults religion. People who hold that clergymen are licensed paupers, to whom any gratuity may be offered without offense, are no doubt delighted to speed them on their way. People who think that a minister may be, and should be, a self-respecting gentleman, preferring to do without that which he is unable to buy, cannot fail to be affronted by the easy assurance with which a busi-

ness firm assumes that it may—as an advertisement—offer a free treat to divines. Some enterprising shopkeeper will be proposing next winter to send seven bishops to the circus.

Agnes Repplier.

Unsensational.

ASSISTANT: Where shall we put the news of the discovery of the Secret of Life?

EDITOR: Among the minor happenings.

The Moral Saloon.

THE churches generally following suit, there were presently high saloons and low saloons; saloons which were avowedly Arminian; saloons which in the heat of controversy were accused of being Socinian, or even Pelagian.

The higher criticism was distinctly felt. There were places where the atmosphere was extremely latitudinarian.

And yet, on the other hand, supralapsarian bars were by no means lacking.

Nor were the various superstitions without their effect. In a number of saloons absent treating was practiced, and esoteric orientalism found its adherents.

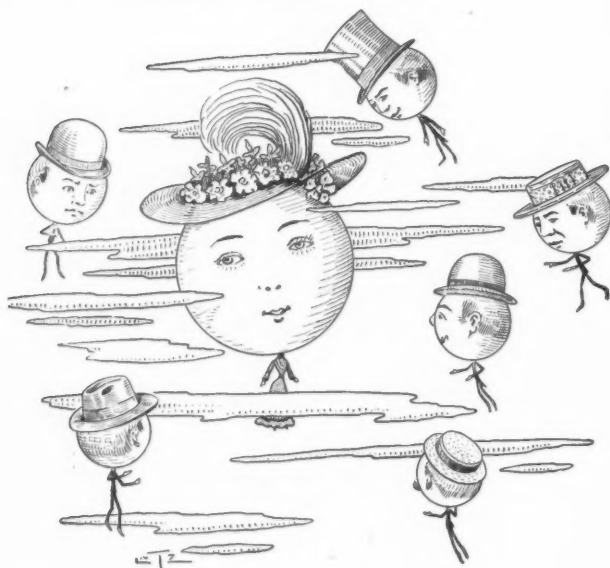
The Bartenders' Union was rent with dissension, some contending for the eastward position, with vestments, and some for primitive simplicity.

In the face of these bickerings, the popular attitude became the attitude of indifference. In no long time people were asking one another if it mattered, after all, what saloon they went to, and finally, if it mattered though they went to none.

A Disciplinarian.

HE: Of course she made a good wife.
SHE: Can't say as to that, but she made the man she married a mighty good husband.

Life and the American Girl.



MY DEAR LIFE: Your offer of fifty dollars in this week's number for the best answer to the question, "Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?" has decided me to offer you a little friendly criticism on a subject which, in my humble opinion, you are just a trifle inclined to overdo, and that is, LIFE's estimation of American women.

This is not a competitive article for your prize, but merely a little talking to from one to whom LIFE has always seemed a delightful companion, but who, having read and traveled to some extent and seen and met women of many nationalities, wonders if American women are worth quite all the praise bestowed upon them in your columns.

For instance, would it not have been just as fair to have worded your competition, "Are Three American Men Out of Five Disappointed in Their Wives?" unless you expect to derive amusement from some of the letters you will undoubtedly receive from soured or disgruntled women. But, joking aside, when, week after week, we see jokes in which poor man is always called down or squelched by the gentle sex, or verses in which American girlhood is extravagantly praised, though we know, of course, that it is all in fun, though we realize that it is partially caused by that sportsmanlike instinct inherent in every man, which likes to see the weak triumph at the expense of the strong, and though we also know that it pleases Americans, who admittedly have good reason to be proud of their women, yet we cannot help asking if you do not think you are carrying this sort of thing a bit too far? Is not all this tending to spoil American women more and more (for undoubtedly they are already spoiled)?

American women, of the thoroughbred types are handsome, attractive, and have a noble bearing; in short, they are undoubtedly beautiful creatures. Yet, when compared to the women of some other nationalities, they have some glaring defects. French and Russian women (of the better classes, of course) have a piquancy and a personal magnetism which the average well-bred American girl utterly lacks. When accustomed to the sweet and

gentle manners of Japanese women, there is nothing more inharmonious to the ears and eyes than the appearance of a party of this country's females, with their enormous hats, harsh voices and aggressive manners. Let us hear what a prominent author on Japan says on this subject: "How sweet Japanese woman is! All the possibilities of the race for goodness seem to be concentrated in her. It shakes one's faith in some Oriental doctrines. If this be the result of suppression and oppression, then these are not altogether bad. On the other hand, how diamond hard the character of the American woman becomes under the idolatry of which she is the object. In the eternal order of things, which is the higher being—the childish, confiding, sweet Japanese girl, or the superb, calculating, penetrating Occidental Circe of our more artificial society, with her enormous power for evil and her limited capacity for good?"—(Chamberlain's "Things Japanese.") The ostentatious display of politeness to women in this country is surely a mistake. When hat-raising is extended to the interior of elevators and other public places, just because women are there, this custom becomes as absurd as it does meaningless. For my part, I had rather raise my hat, in the presence of a distinguished man than to the average woman.

Why are the United States so full of clubs which entirely forbid the presence of women, and why are so many American men so fond of their clubs? Probably because they feel more at home and find the atmosphere more congenial there than where the presence of their deified female companions imposes on them a constant feeling of restraint and lack of freedom in their manners. In America there is a much greater absence of that good-fellowship between older men and women which exists in France. There no party or dinner, no occasion of any sort is complete without the presence of women, and in that country they have really far greater influence over men than they do here. The Frenchman of modern times loves women without worshipping them. The reverse seems to hold true here.

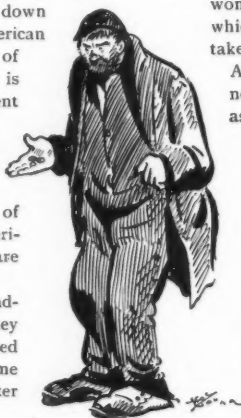
Is not woman on this earth to be man's good and faithful companion, to rear his and her children? Is not motherhood the crowning glory of womanhood? And is not her mission also to brighten the home of him who, especially in this country, works hard from morning till night, who gives her all she asks for, and who often toils while she is at play? When we compare this her status in America to what it is in many other countries just as enlightened, we cannot help thinking that the question, "Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?" sounds a trifle impertinent, even when asked in fun.

And LIFE, do let us have fewer poems on girls—not because these poems are not good, quite on the contrary, but because it will in the end pay Americans to be less gallant and have fewer overbearing, silly women among them, and let us have fewer of these jokes in which man gets the worst of it. As already stated, we do not take these jokes seriously, but many women will, and charming American woman will inevitably come to think, if she does not already, that she is man's equal, intellectually as well as socially.

In conclusion, I should like to quote a passage from Darwin's "Descent of Man," and would that most American women could read it: "The chief distinction in the intellectual powers of the two sexes is shown by man's attaining a higher eminence in whatever he takes up, than can woman—whether requiring deep thought, reason or imagination, or merely the use of the senses and hands. If two lists were made of the most eminent men and women in poetry, painting, sculpture, music (inclusive both of composition and performance), history, science and philosophy, with half-a-dozen names under each subject, the two lists would not bear comparison."

Sincerely yours,

"Cosmopolitan Reader."



"REDUCED TO TWELVE CENTS."

NEW YORK.



THE COUNTY FAIR AT FROGVILLE.



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·LIFE·



WM. BALFOUR KER.

END OF THE SEASON.

Stately Verse.

IF Mary goes far out to sea,
By wayward breezes fanned,
I'd like to know—can you tell me?—
Just where would Maryland?
If Tenny went high up in air
And looked o'er land and lea,
Looked here and there and everywhere,
Pray what would Tennessee?
I looked out of the window and
Saw Orry on the lawn;
He's not there now, and who can tell
Just where has Oregon?
Two girls were quarreling one day
With garden tools, and so
I said, "My dears, let Mary rake
And just let Idaho."
A friend of mine lived in a flat
With half a dozen boys;
When he fell ill I asked him why.
He said: "I'm Illinois."
An English lady had a steed,
She called him 'Ighland Bay.
She rode for exercise, and thus
Rhode Island every day.

J. W. Foley.



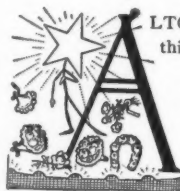
Another Bag of Tricks.

OUR friends of the Theatrical Trust are treading on dangerous ground. They have decreed that the weekly allowance of each theatre in New York for advertising shall not exceed three hundred dollars. This diminution of the amount of pap will fall with particular severity on our free and unfettered daily press. If the money-getting end of New York's journalism should ever relax its censorship of editorial opinion in things theatrical, the Trust might hear unpleasant things about itself and some of its members and methods. Of course, the deadhead privilege would still exist as a moulder of critical opinion, and the libel suit as a bludgeon to control the timid publisher. With the advertising bribe removed, however, and the business office's interest in the dramatic columns lessened, there are writers who would not be influenced by the free-ticket privilege, and who could tell the truth in a non-libelous way. Our friends of the Trust should think twice before they cut down the amount which they give to New York's daily newspapers. They spend no money for which they get so much in return. Three hundred dollars per week per theatre is scant pay for the amount of newspaper



CECILIA LOFTUS IN
"THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS."

space they occupy in the news columns, to say nothing of the privilege of being able to dictate to great metropolitan journals what shall be written, and to order the discharge of writers who dare to write things which are unpleasant to the Trust.



a mimic. Without any hurrah of costume or background, she assumes the tones and mannerisms of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Miss

TOGETHER the best thing in "The Serio-Comic Governess," in which Cecilia Loftus makes her appearance as a star, is that artist's exhibition of her very remarkable powers as

Ada Rehan and others, and, if one closed one's eyes, one might think the subject of her imitation was present in the very flesh. To be sure this is not the highest form of the actor's art, but in its perfection it stands out in high relief against the mediocrity of the rest of the entertainment. It is a distinct disappointment to find Mr. Zangwill, who was giving fine promise as a dramatist, dropping back into the authorship of such a hodge-podge of inconsequentiality as this curious contraption provided to show the ability of Cecilia Loftus. It is neither fish nor flesh nor red herring, good or bad. His tragically infantile puns might lead us to believe he was attempting burlesque, did not his laugh-provoking serious passages indicate an attempt at emotional drama. His characters are beyond the pale of humanity, and they do things and are placed in situations not dreamed of in any philosophy of human life. Better work might have reasonably been expected from the author of "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Merely Mary Ann," and it is unpleasant to be forced to chronicle such a dismal failure on the part of one of the entirely too small corps of scholarly dramatists.

* * *

"TAPS" is a strange play to put before the American public. The militarism beloved of President Roosevelt has not yet become such an element in American life that it and its requirements and distinctions have yet invaded and transformed our social life. In Germany, where the scene of "Taps" is laid, the army code is the highest law, and even domestic and family matters must yield to its requirements. The play, in a way, supplements the suppressed book which recently excited all Germany by its disclosures of the immoralities and cruelties resulting from garrison life and military despotism. In fact, the play did this so ably that it met with the official displeasure of His Eccentric Majesty, the Emperor Wilhelm. It is made up so largely of German military technique, and its controlling influences are so dependent on the German military code and the social questions arising from the code's requirements, that it is a question how much of the piece the average American audience will be able to understand. To the German, the court-martial scene, for instance, which delays the dramatic action almost to the point of tediousness, has an intrinsic interest which the American, who has no brother, son or sweetheart in the German army, and who has not served in it himself, will, doubtless, fail to appreciate. But the play is an interesting one. Although the story is in the main simply and directly told, its complications are skilfully constructed and give room for considerable speculation as to their solution.

Of the eighteen speaking characters, only one is a woman. Miss Effie Shannon has the exceptional part. She is best remembered



Uncle Hank (visiting New York): WELL, BY GUM! I NEVER EXPECTED TO MEET YOU HERE.

Sandwich Man: I GUESS YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE.

"AIN'T YEW ONE O' THE TROUPE I LOANED A DOLLAR TEW IN MELONVILLE? THEY WUZ PLAYIN' HAMLET."

as a slender *ingenue* in the old Lyceum company, distinguished by her prettiness and a voice in which tears were ever present. Her slenderness has disappeared, so have the tears, and her prettiness has turned to a more mature attractiveness of looks. The part is not an exacting one, and her abilities are quite sufficient to it. Mr. Kelcey's portrayal of the grizzled sergeant-major, father of the wronged heroine, will rank with the best of his impersonations. In the later emotional scenes he was at times a bit too pliable in his joints and muscles for the stiffened veteran, but in the main he was in drawing with the character. The remainder of the cast is satisfactory, some of the smaller parts being excellently done.

Any one who is curious to study some of the unpleasant social effects of militarism will find "Taps" an interesting object lesson.

MRS. FISKE and her *Becky* are the opening attraction at the Manhattan Theatre, with the stage version of Thackeray's satire unchanged and Mrs. Fiske's faults of speech and manner intensified. It is a pity that a woman of Mrs. Fiske's ability and intelligence will not be influenced by friendly suggestion. Her following is a loyal one and her audiences are of a higher class in intelligence than those usually found in New York theatres. It is almost an insult to them and to her author that the lines of the play are not delivered so that they can be understood by her auditors. She swallows words and entire sentences as though they had been lubricated with vaseline, and slip down her throat with far greater ease than they go beyond the footlights. Her jerkiness of manner and other distracting little tricks are irritating, but they are of small importance compared with her wholesale suppression of the lines of her part. One unpardonably bad habit—the repetition of the last two or three words of her sentences—she seems to have got under control, which shows a greater respect for her authors and is more pleasing to her audiences.

Mrs. Fiske is her own manager and may do as she pleases, but she occupies such an important place in the dramatic world that it would

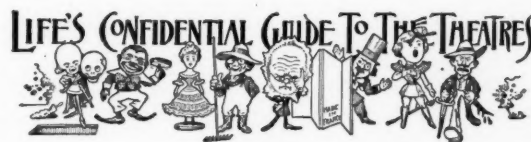
be a misfortune if she completely alienated the good will of her well-disposed critics and friendly public.

"**B**USINESS IS BUSINESS" is one of the most indefinite plays put before our public in a long time. At the fall of the final curtain only one thing has been made certain—that *Xavier*, the pet son of the unpleasant millionaire, has been killed by his automobile. Everything else—the ultimate fate of the grasping, scheming capitalist, of his colorless wife, of his strong-minded daughter, of the old nobleman whose honor he seeks to buy, of the *Gaston* and *Alphonse* who enact the biters bitten, of the question whether it is better to be a broken-down nobleman with good manners or a successful *parvenu* with manners and morals both bad, all of these are left in an unsatisfactory condition of not having reached any sort of an ending. The play tells no story. It doesn't even emphasize the trite truths with which it deals.

The production of "Business Is Business" in New York is proof of the poverty to which we are reduced in the way of plays. Even in France it had no very great reason for being—for bringing it to America there was no reason at all. Were Mr. William H. Crane a great emotional actor, it might be excused as a vehicle for the display of his art, but it only shows that he has been taken out of his own line of work to be put in a part which does not fit him. In the cast are such good actors as Katherine Grey, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., and Harry St. Maur, but they seem impressed with the general hazy air of indefiniteness which characterizes the play, and their efforts, even in the most strenuous scenes, fail of force in impressing the audience. The blame is not theirs, but the French author's. M. Octave Mirbeau is an adept at depicting disagreeable things and persons. In the present instance, he has provided no valid excuse for the disagreeables.

That *Xavier* was killed is made evident. Everything else is left undetermined. And *Xavier* had nothing to do with the play, anyway.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music.—"Checkers." Rural and slangy racing melodrama. Funny.

Belasco.—David Warfield in "The Music Master."

Berkeley Lyceum.—Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her."

Casino.—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Musical and laughable.

Criterion.—William H. Crane in "Business Is Business." See above.

Daly's.—"The School Girl." Musical play from London. Tuneful and amusing.

Empire.—"The Duke of Killicrankie." Erratic comedy politely done.

Garden.—"The College Widow," by George Ade.

Garrick.—Clara Bloodgood in Clyde Fitch's "The Coronet of the Duchess."

Hudson.—A. W. Pinero's "Letty." Interesting and well staged play of contemporary manners and morals by Pinero.

Knickerbocker.—Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess." Commonplace comic opera done in the usual commonplace way.

Lyceum.—Cecilia Loftus in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess." See opposite.

Lyric.—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps." See above.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." See above.

New Amsterdam.—The Rogers Brothers. Coarse and vulgar musical show expensively mounted.

Savoy.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Laughable staging of the popular book.

Wallack's.—"The County Chairman." Cleverly written and well acted skit on American political methods.



ALTHOUGH fiction is not usually employed as a vehicle for serious philosophical discussion, William H. Malloch has so employed it in *The Veil of the Temple* and, on the whole, employed it to advantage. The discussions which are the object of the story take place at an English country seat, and are participated in by a company of men and women drawn from fashionable, religious, political and intellectual circles, who find themselves involved in an attempt to canvass and reconcile the modern materialistic philosophy as voiced by Haeckel and the intuitive human need of the Faith which this philosophy denies. The book, in short, is an attempt to square the mental circle, deeply interesting, but necessarily futile.

The Last Hope, the final work of the late Henry Seton Merriman, deals, like Mrs. Catherwood's *Lazarre*, with one of the many attempts to identify some nameless wanderer with the son of Louis XVI. The period of Mr. Merriman's story is about 1850, its scenes lie in England and France, and the characters are as well drawn and the story is as well developed as in his more characteristic fiction of contemporary life.

After a few pages of *Balthazar the Magus*, the bewildered reader will discover that the author, A. van der Naillen, is one whom much spiritualistic learning hath made mad. If the reader be curious and persistent, he will close the book with sympathy for the author, who at least believes himself serious in what he has attempted to express in his attempted story. But what will he say of the publishers, who, "with great satisfaction," offer such a book to the public, with an enthusiastic recommendation on the cover?

In the two years which have elapsed since we enjoyed Mr. George H. Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*, we have had ample time to get up an appetite for more, and Mr. Lorimer has had time to write a second volume of letters, which fully equal the original collection in quality and appositeness. *Old Gorgon Graham* is the title of the new book.

Six stories by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman appear in *The Givers*. They are typical New England sketches in Mrs. Freeman's earlier and well-known style, and are marked by a decided holiday flavor. Some years ago these tales would inevitably have appeared in December, but now that we have egg-plants at Christmas, we are not surprised by Christmas stories in July.

The Daughters of Nijo is one of the prettiest of the Japanese tales which its author, Miss Onoto Watanna, has published. It shares with contemporary Japanese fiction the simple directness of a fairy tale, or a good child's story, or a specimen of a young literature, and indeed Japanese literature, awakening from its long sleep of classic convention, is in effect a literature newborn.

Both the bill-boards and the book-stalls bear witness that the present political campaign is a campaign of advertisement. The bill-boards show us Uncle Sam genially endorsing the President with a slap on the back, and the book-stalls are full of biographies. A new book, called *The Roosevelt Doctrine*, compiled by E. E. Garrison from the speeches and writings of the President, also belongs to this literature of "publicity and promotion."

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Veil of the Temple. By William H. Malloch. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$1.50.

The Last Hope. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) \$1.50.

Balthazar the Magus. By A. van der Naillen. (R. F. Fenno and Company.) \$1.50.

Old Gorgon Graham. By George Horace Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page and Company.) \$1.50.

The Givers. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. (Harper and Brothers.) \$1.25.

The Daughters of Nijo. By Onoto Watanna. (The Macmillan Company.) \$1.50.

The Roosevelt Doctrine. Compiled by E. E. Garrison. (Robert Grier Cooke.) \$1.00.

Restore the Canteen!

THE officers of the army continue to be contumaciously blind to the blessings that have resulted in the suppression of the army canteen by the W. C. T. U. Various commanding generals are just now sending in their annual reports. General Baldwin from the Department of Colorado, General Carter from the Philippines, General Jesse Lee from Texas, all bewail the increase of drunkenness, desertions and court-martials, which they allege to have resulted from the abolition of the privilege of selling beer in the post exchanges. It is a shame that members of Congress will not make fair inquiry into this canteen matter and settle it on its merits. So far, the effect of the post exchange canteen on the soldier has been the last thing considered. What Congress has been concerned about has been the effect of the canteen on the imaginations of the wives of sundry voters.



IN DOUBT.

"YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID TO GO TO BED IN THE DARK, DOROTHY. REMEMBER, THE LORD WILL COME AND WATCH OVER YOU."

"BUT, AUNTIE, MAYBE THE NEW JANITOR WON'T LET HIM IN."



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LIFE.

TIME.

He: I LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR YOU A THOUSAND YEARS.
She: AND I LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO MARRY YOU TO-DAY.

The Return of the Native.

MR. HENRY JAMES has come back to visit his native country after twenty years of absence. We wonder at his grit, but bid him heartily welcome. He landed in a New York, most of which he never saw before; he spent a day in a new New Jersey seaside suburb, and then he went on to visit a beautified Boston.

Boston is very nice, Mr. James, and it is not *all* different. Briggs'es and the Old Corner Bookstore are gone, but Parker's and Young's and the Old South and the State-house are still there. But New York! Think of coming back to New York after twenty years! Mr. James, everybody you ever knew is dead, and three successive buildings have gone up on the site of the house they used to live in, and the last one is twenty-five stories high. Mr. Morgan, Dr. Dix and Uncle

Russell Sage are still with us, but the rest of us have lately moved in from Jerusalem, Schenectady, Baltimore, Odessa, Naples, Butte and Pittsburg. We had to come, we hope to stay, but sometimes we think tenderly of our old homes, and whatever you find to say about this town, say ahead, for we're not sensitive about it.

And yet it is getting to be a handsome town. And it certainly is alive, and its atmosphere is ever so stimulating, and some of the folks are real folks, and wages are fairly high, and opportunities abound. Noisy? Deplorably. Hurried? Excessively. And yet it has a *dum vivimus, vivamus* quality in it that is good, and somehow we like it.

Complete Outfit.

MRS. VON BLUMER: You don't mean to say that you've got another automobile. What did you do that for?

VON BLUMER: Well, I wanted to tow myself home after this.

A Growing Infliction.



THE iron-handed ruffian is again loudly in evidence. He is usually admitted on a pass to help the management along in boosting the applause, and he conscientiously tries to make good for the privilege of sitting in a free seat, regardless of the fact that he is an intolerable nuisance to patrons who have paid their way, with the understanding that they might secure whatever possible enjoyment they could without having their eardrums split by the horny-fisted dead-head.

A paid and intelligently directed *clacque* would be preferable to the irresponsible and pestiferous gangs with which some theatrical managers try to boost their failures into success.

· LIFE ·



THE POET'S LAMENT.

(The following pathetic ballad is contributed by a West End poet.)

"The Hutchinsons hev moved away
An' took their dotter Jennie,
An' I ain't cracked a smile since then
Or et hardly enny.
I just walk on beneath the stars
An' yearn, an' yearn, an' yearn
To hev her by my side agin
An' put my hand in hern."

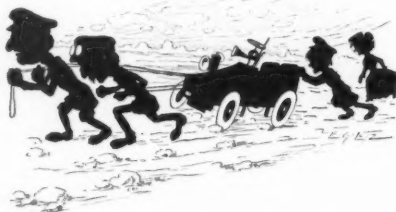
—Albany Journal.

THE CURSE OF FLANNELS.

At the age of six I found myself—infelix!—removed to a town possessing a bleak climate and many woolen manufactories. It was the custom of the house mothers to buy flannel by the piece direct from the factory; red flannel, hot, thick, felled like a Laplander, and the invention of Lucifer. Out of this flannel was cut a garment, a continuous, all-embracing garment, of neuter gender, in which every child in that town might have been observed flaming Mephistophelian-like after the morning bath. A pattern was given to our mother. The hair shirt—I laugh when I read! By definition the hair shirt must have possessed geographical limits of attack, but my flannels left no pore untickled, untortured; they heated the flesh until scarlet fever paled into a mere pleasantry, and they soured the milk of amiability within me forever. The rotation of the seasons reduced itself to terms of red flannel. In the autumn, when the happy fowls and foliage alike moulted, shed the superfluous, when bracing October set the body in a glow, I alone of living things must be done up in flannel!

And spring, that season of vernal bourgeoning

was the time when I, too, like any other seedkin, slipped free of all stuffy incasings, and could sprout and spring in air and sun, clad in blessed, blessed muslin. I shall never forget the corroding bitterness induced by flannels. At times they absolutely reduced



"IF WISHES WERE HORSES —"

me to fisticuffs with my religion, so that filial piety, the ordaining of the seasons, and the very catechism itself, hung in the balance of the conflict. I believe I can hardly overestimate the spiritual detriment done me by my flannels.—Atlantic Monthly.

THE REV. GEORGE C. WRIGHT, who for eighteen years has been a city missionary in Lowell, Mass., tells an interesting story of his efforts to prevent young mill operatives from marrying before their wages would support a home.

A young man who had not yet attained the voting

age, and who frequently had attended the evening services at the ministry at large, called at his office one morning and told him that he had been keeping company with a girl for several weeks, and wanted to marry her at once.

The clergyman found that his wages left him a margin of only \$3 over his board, and advised him to wait for a year before taking the matrimonial step. The young man was reluctant to accept the advice, but finally agreed to think the matter over for six months.

Mr. Wright lost sight of him soon afterward, and did not come across him again in several months. Then the following conversation took place:

"Well, John, how are you getting along in the mill?"

"All right; I've got a steady job, and am doing well."

"And how about the marriage?"

"Oh, I gave that up."

"What was the matter?" asked the clergyman, seeing, as he thought, the fruit of his advice.

"Well," replied the young man, seriously, "I bought a bicycle instead."—Galveston Tribune.

A SALESMAN for a bicycle concern met a farmer in a nearby State to whom he tried to sell a wheel without success. The salesman finally gave him up in despair, but determined to make another effort on his return trip. A month later he made his way to the farmhouse, only to learn, to his disappointment, that his prospective customer had invested his savings in a cow—an act of folly upon which the salesman was moved to comment.

"Why," he exclaimed, impatiently, "think how easily you might have ridden about the country on a bicycle! You'd look funny riding into town on a cow!"

"Humph!" rejoined the farmer; "I reckon I'd look a durned sight funnier trying to milk a bicycle."

—Harper's Weekly.

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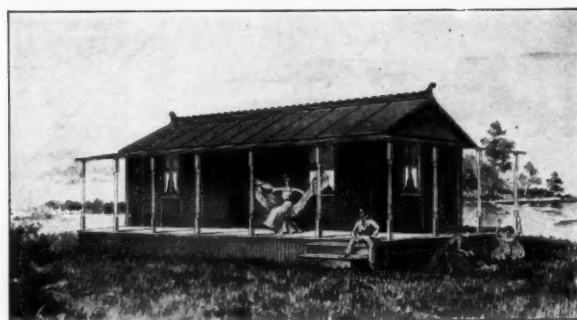
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I DON'T know much of Russia, but
I've fixed belief in this:
Had it been girl instead of boy,
It would have been amiss!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

KNICKER: Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom.

JOHNNY: How about swimming?—New York Sun.

"ETHELINDA's suitor represents one of the best families in Europe," said Mrs. Cumrox.

"No, he doesn't," answered her husband. "I've heard about that family, an' it's a purty good one. He misrepresents it."—Washington Star.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. Booklet.

A STORY, whose origin is attributed to Oliver Herford, relates that a friend, entering the Players' Club one evening, saw the humorist surrounded by the group of admirers who usually gathered about him to enjoy his talk. "Ah, Oliver," remarked the friend, "surrounded by your coterie, as usual?"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Herford; "likewise by my panterie and my vesterie."—Argonaut.

NELL: Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.

BELLE: The idea! Of course, you were indignant?

"Oh, yes. Every time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

A BOSTON mamma of modern ideas was surprised the other morning to come upon her 7-year-old daughter bathed in tears; but crying is never allowed in the family, and in a cold tone of voice the child was asked to state the reason for her emotion. No answer. "Tell me immediately what is the matter," commanded her mother.

"It's nothing, mamma; nothing. I merely wanted to try if I could cry again."—Exchange.

GOODWIN: I hear you gave twenty-five dollars to help repair the church?

GRASPITT: You have been misinformed. I merely subscribed that amount.—Chicago News.

BRIDGET was none too truthful, and her mistress had been using all her eloquence to make her see the error of deceitfulness. But her would-be reformer owned herself routed when Bridget turned upon her a beaming Irish smile, and said, in a most cajoling tone:

"Sure, now, ma'am, and what do ye suppose the power o' desavin' was given us fer?"—New York Sun.

PARKE: Anyone with you to keep you from being lonesome while your family was in the country?

LANE: Nobody but a box of Fonseca's cigars.

"THIS custom of having two telephones in the office has its disadvantages, too," said the business man. "We've got a new office boy, and one of his duties is to answer the telephone. The other day he heard the bell ring, and, coming to me, said: 'You're wanted at the 'phone by a lady.'"

"Which one?" I inquired, thinking of the 'phones, of course.

"Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I—I—I think it's your wife."—Portland Express.

"I SUPPOSE all your neighbors were out to see you the first time you went whizzing through the street in your new automobile."

"No; they were all busy getting their work done ahead of time, so they could be out watching the next evening when I had to have the blamed thing towed home behind an express wagon."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Then one last glass let us drink together—
To friendship, which, spite of wind or weather,
Absence or time, other bond or tether,
Shall cling, as flock the birds of a feather,
Till we meet again!"

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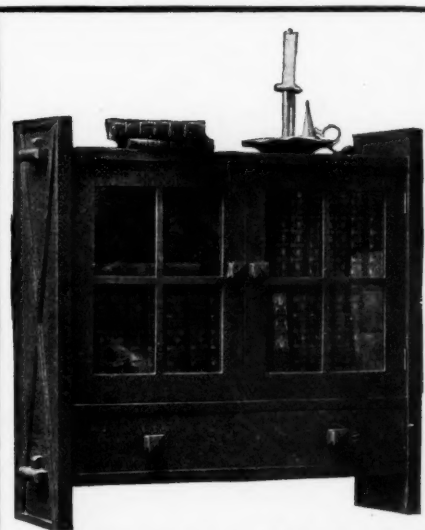
"Maybe not, but they don't lie awake at
night worrying about it."—Chicago Record-
Herald.

DEALER: Here is a cigar that is all right
for the money. We sell it seven for a
quarter.

CUSTOMER: Well, that is a good many.

"Yes, but you don't have to smoke them, you
know."

"Oh, I didn't think of that. You may give
me a quarter's worth. They'll be handy to
treat my friends with."—Boston Transcript.



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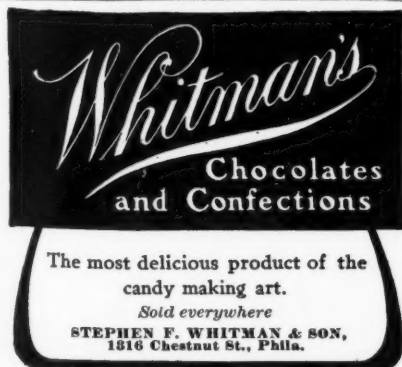
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